
FANCIES.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The Fairy-land beyond the sunset gleaming,
To mortal sight long lost,
Fair as an Eldenn still, or thine own dreaming,
Was by thy spirit crost.

Enchanted lights and music there to greet thee,
Burst from the sunken towers,
And plumed and bannered trains came forth to meet
thee,
Led by ethereal powers.

And magic blossoms stood by thee upturning
Their splendors closed for night,
Like amber, rose and violet censers burning
The essences of light!

And when the starred wings of the night flew o'er thee,
Blinding with fire thine eyes,
Vailed in a mist the young moon walked before thee
To show thee Paradise.

On to the gates of gold and pearl she led thee,
Close to the seraph-crowds,
Then, like a wild fawn of the sky, she fled thee,
And hid among the clouds.

Remotest space rung with the sudden playing
Of the arch-angel bands;
And swiftly God's gemmed portals open swaying,
Revealed the Glorious Lands! * *

Far, oh so far! our bark, the earth went flying
Around the hidden sun—
And we leant from its glaring bosom sighing:
Where is our lovely one?

The winds took up our wail, and rushed by screaming:
A shape of beauty gone!
And evermore across our lonely dreaming,
In vain that cry rang on.
